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Setters
From a painting by Percival Rosseau

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THE SPORTING DOG

I

AMERICAN LLEWELLIN AND LAVARACK SETTERS

THE greatest setter ever known in this country was Gladstone, who won in the field trials held on Robins Island, L. I., in New York State, in 1879. He and his progeny figure as field trial winners, and as tip top dogs to the gun to such an extent that Joseph A. Graham says the American Llewellyn setter should be called the Gladstone setter.

Perhaps the most interesting chapter in Graham's book, "The Sporting Dog," in the American Sportsman's Library, edited by Caspar Whitney for the Macmillan Company, is contributed by P. H. Bryson, then of Memphis, Tennessee, who owned Gladstone. It is entitled "Later Llewellyns Compared with Gladstone." Bryson admits that "from a field trial standpoint, in short heats of one to two hours, I have seen dogs I thought his equals. These dogs were used only as field trial dogs, run in short heats, and always kept on edge for exhibition purposes. Gladstone, on the other hand, was used during the shooting season in all day or longer hunts, and as an all-round shooting dog on quail, snipe, woodcock, and prairie chickens. The woodcock shooting over him was in February as they came along on their northward flight; these migrants being met with in shooting quail in that month. His prairie chicken experience was not so great as that of dogs kept in a chicken country; still, he was as good as one would wish in that line. He pos-

sessed nose, natural sense, style, speed, and endurance; more of the last quality than any dog I ever saw hunt a whole day. He was used as a retriever for all kinds of game and did his work well.

"Gladstone's Boy had all the qualities of his famous sire, except that he did not have quite as much speed and style. Had he been kept and used as a field trial dog, instead of a shooting dog to shoot over in all kinds of weather and all day for a week at a time, he would have been invincible in that rôle. He did not have the variety of style of his sire. His points were stylish, but like one another. He came the nearest to quitting even with Gladstone, in an all-day hunt among all the dogs I ever saw go in the field with the old fellow, and they met often in a friendly all-day hunt."

Gath's Mark was another great dog showing Gladstone's qualities. Had he fallen into hands that would have used him for field trial purposes, he would have been among the crowned kings of the setter world. His owner used him for every conceivable purpose, from chasing pigs to hunting rabbits with hounds. With all these drawbacks, he was a hard dog to beat at the trials. He had speed, range, nose, and bird sense, and always used the latter.

Antonio was very much like Gladstone in appearance and manner of hunting his ground. He did not put the electricity into his hunt like Gladstone and Roderigo, but, to use a street expression, he

"got there all the same." He was a great bird finder and no hot corner in a field trial ruffled him in the least. His style was much like Gath's in handling game. No dog he ever met quit with a better score than he made on game. He had bird sense, speed, nose, endurance, and style; though, as stated, he was not the equal of Gladstone or Roderigo. Like Gladstone, Gath, and Roderigo, he had great stride, and ran with ease, showing no friction when in motion. He got over the ground much faster than he seemed to do. This was apparent when a quick, choppy-going dog met him in the same heat.

Llewellins originated in England and are named after the original breeder, Mr. Llewelin. The beautiful Laverack setters, which also in England, were named, like the Llewellins, after their breeder, Edward Laverack. For many years before Mr. Llewelin started to breed the setters that bear his name, Mr. Laverack's beautiful setters had been the centre of attraction, and, in spite of the fact that they were regarded somewhat doubtfully by shooting men, had gradually assumed the first place in popular favor. Their most notable characteristics were smoothness and symmetry of proportion and beautiful, fine, fleecy, straight coats, with the aristocratic color of lemon belton or blue belton. It was the opinion of Stonehenge and most of the English authorities that Mr. Laverack's bitches were far superior to his dogs, at least in field quality; the Laverack tendency to heavy and thick shoulders being a defect more conspicuous on the male side. However that may be, the blue belton bitch, Countess, and her sister, Nellie, brilliantly distinguished themselves both on the bench and at field trials. At the same time, Mr. Statter's Dan and his brother Dick achieved distinction in the trials. Dan was a very large white-black-tan dog, the upper part of his body being nearly all black. He had been bred by Mr. Statter. His sire was Barclay Field's Duke, a black-and-white dog, one of the best early winners at trials and described as very fast and

extremely intelligent in bird work.

Dan's dam was Mr. Statter's Rhœbe. She was not at all a brilliant field performer. Mr. Llewelin describes her as "great, big, long, low, and heavily built." Mr. Brailsford says that she was slow, but that Mr. Statter regarded her highly, chiefly on account of the breeding of her dam, Psyche, the latter having come of a well-known and highly esteemed strain of setters, the Beaudearts, which had been for the most part black in color. Rhœbe, however, had qualities of some sort which made her a most successful matron. Her sons and daughters were winners for several years at the trials.

Mr. Llewelin bought the Laveracks, Countess and Nellie, and the Duke-Rhœbe dogs, Dan and Dick. *Dan became the progenitor of nearly all the first-class American field trial dogs.* His sister, Dora, was imported into this country by Mr. Adams of Boston and left an important line of descendants, the most favored and famous of which was Druid, imported ahead of Dora and owned by Mr. Arnold Burges of Michigan. Another son was Drake, owned by Mr. Adams.

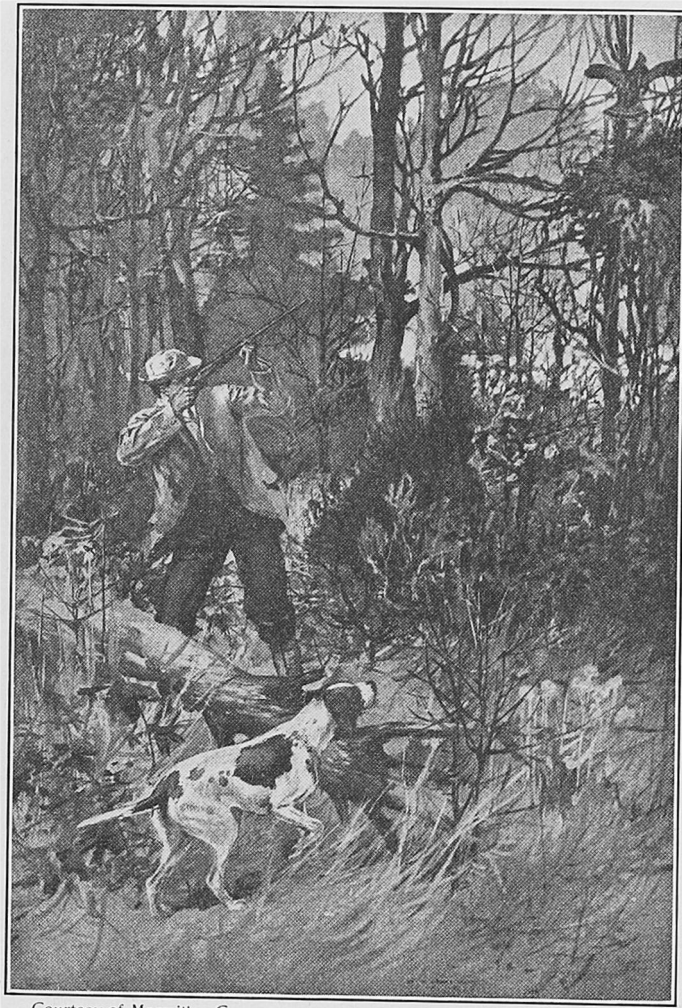
A dog whose name is of consequence chiefly because it appears in a great number of pedigrees was Bergundthal's Rake. He was inbred to Rhœbe. With Gladstone, Count Noble, Leicester, and Lincoln, these dogs, Rake and Druid, enter into pedigrees of nearly all the fashionable Llewelin families in America. The six are the foundation dogs of the American Llewelin. If the student is after essential influences and simplest terms, he can throw out all other Llewelin importations as minor incidents.

It will be seen that Mr. Llewelin's dogs were a combination of Laverack with the Duke-Rhœbe blood. These two foundations of the Llewelin kennel differed so widely in characteristics that the great variations in the appearance and quality of their descendants are not remarkable. The Laveracks were usually small or of medium size. Rhœbe was very large herself and gave to all her progeny a tendency to size. To this

day it is the case that some Llewellins look like Laveracks and some like Dan and his mother. Some do not weigh over thirty pounds, while occasional specimens run up almost to seventy pounds. If we assume that vigor, good sense, and level disposition were the characteristics of the Duke-Rhœbes,

patrons of field trials there is of late years a marked tendency to uniformity, but the type so suggested is by no means a general rule among even dogs bred by these gentlemen.

The qualities which enter into the American Llewellins cannot be understood without an examination of the



Courtesy of Macmillan Co.

Shooting Ruffed Grouse from Dense Cover

whereas it is known that the pure Laveracks as a rule were not remarkable for mental qualities, at least in field work on birds, it seems that the irregularities in this respect which are noticed in the Llewellins may be attributed to the two different foundation elements used by the originator of the strain. Llewellins are sometimes brilliant, sometimes commonplace, and sometimes worthless. In the families which are bred by active

leading dogs which enter into their pedigrees. Reference is here made to three of them.

Beyond comparison, the first in importance is Gladstone. This remarkable dog was a white-black-tan, by Llewelin's Dan out of the lemon-and-white Laverack, Petrel. Gladstone won on the bench as well as in the field, but it was probably the prestige of the dog as well as the somewhat irregular char-

acter of bench-show entries in those days rather than his strict show qualities which gained him the ribbons. He weighed a little more than fifty pounds and stood twenty-two and a half inches at shoulder. In utility points he was a finely built dog, quite thick in the shoulder but with superb chest and perfect feet and legs. He was very strongly made and of exceptional speed and staying power. His head was short, the muzzle was inclined to be "snipey," and the ears were set quite high. These defects of head, as rated by bench-show standards, have been persistent in his descendants, probably because the same faults were more or less inherent in the entire strain as well as in Gladstone himself.

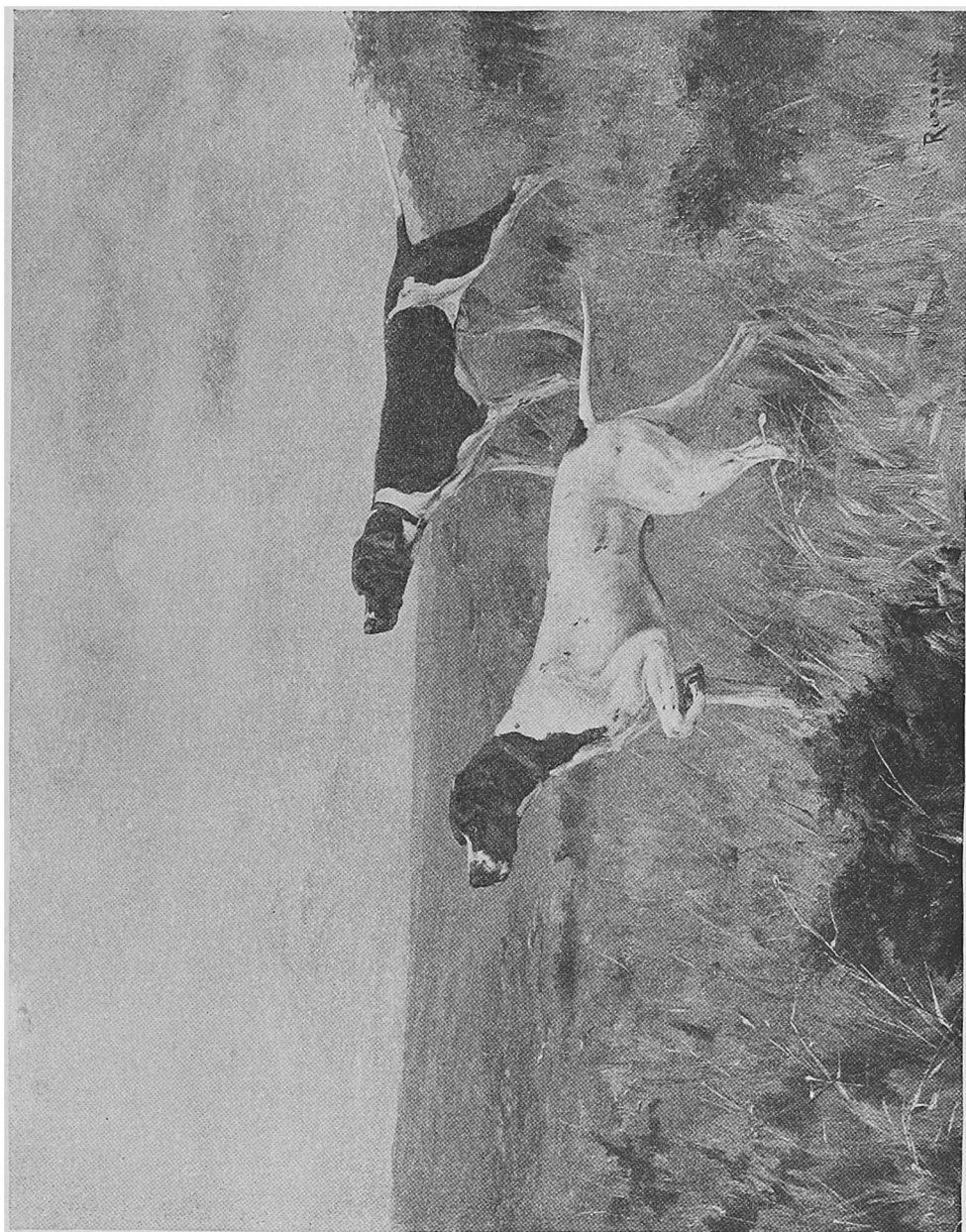
Counted as a factor of importance in the production of the American Llewellins, Count Noble must be ranked next to Gladstone. He was a large white-black-tan dog, long in the body and not considered a well-proportioned setter. He weighed sixty pounds. This dog was imported by David Sanborn of Baltimore from the Llewellyn kennel, and owned by him up to the time of Mr. Sanborn's death when he passed into the possession of B. F. Wilson of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. He was by Mr. Llewellyn's favorite, Count Wind'em, and his dam was Nora, by Dan out of Nellie. He was thus inbred to Dan, though the major portion of his blood was Laverack, his sire, Count Wind'em, being three-quarters Laverack. Like Gladstone, he forced himself on public attention by the successful brilliancy of his public performances. He was a dog of great speed and wonderful endurance, particularly good on prairie chicken and able to hold his own in any company on any game.

"Purists who love exactitudes," writes Graham, "say that there are few real Laveracks now living. Two or three investigators have, with a flourish, brought out from obscurity specimens

which have come down without outside cross from the Laverack kennel and, according to the Laverack creed, straight from Ponto and Old Moll. Broadly speaking, all this is an error likely to lead to confusion; just as an attempt to narrow the definition of Llewellyn threatens the same result. Most of the modern bench-show Laveracks have such an overwhelming preponderance of straight Laverack blood and have been so carefully bred for type that it would be an error to call them by any other name. In all truth they are more highly perfected Laveracks than anything Mr. Laverack himself ever bred.

Even Mr. Laverack's harshest critics, Dr. Walsh (Stonehenge) and Rev. Mr. Pierce (Idstone), admitted that his dogs had high quality, uniformity of appearance, and abundant pointing tendency. They also gave the females, at least, credit for good speed and action. The fault which Stonehenge particularly noted in the Laveracks seemed in nearly all cases to turn up again in this country. These dogs had not the hunting versatility, decision, and resourcefulness which mark field performers of the first rank."

On the bench the Laveracks have had in this country, as in England, the favor of all the judges who are sticklers for "fancy." Mr. John Davidson, one of the most popular of American bench-show judges, said to me once that it is impossible to judge a setter without considering primarily head, coat, and stern. Those, he said, were the points which made a setter different from other dogs. "Any mongrel," he continued, can have good chest, shoulders, feet, and legs, but if a dog has not a setter coat, he is not a setter." Mr. Davidson probably expressed the general thought which has governed the long line of judges in both countries who have maintained the supremacy of the Laverack type on the benches.



Pointers
From a painting by Percival Rosseau

II POINTERS

WHAT Gladstone and Count Noble are to the American Llewellins, Rip Rap and Jingo are to American pointers, and a toast also to those great mothers of pointers, Hops and Pearl's Dot. Graham, who has all the facts at his finger's ends, says that there had been a good deal of bitterness among the pointer owners on account of what they claimed was discrimination against them in field trials, by the judges who were supposed to be wedded to the Llewellyn setter. There may have been a reason for this grievance, but it is likely that the trouble was with the dogs. At least there was never much more of that talk after Mr. Dexter and Captain McMurdo brought out their field trial pointers. Mainspring, by Salter's Champion Mike out of Romp, was a dog which had all the courage and decision of crack setters, and speed to compete with even the best of them. He and many of his progeny had a little defect of style in hunting with rather low head. Count Fauster, Spring, and Castleman's Rex were some of his winning sons.

King of Kent was a very fast dog of the same dashing and courageous quality. Mainspring's sister, Hops, was brought from Dr. Salter's kennel by Captain McMurdo, and to King of Kent produced the phenomenal Rip Rap and his younger sister, the beautiful little liver-and-white Maid of Kent. Both of these dogs competed on equal terms with the best setters and beat them as often as not. Rip Rap decisively defeated Rowdy Rod, the best Derby setter of 1890; and conquered all criticism in 1891 by a famous four-hour heat in what was equivalent to a championship stake, which he ran with a high-class Count Noble setter called Count Eric. Maid of Kent met the Llewellyn, Antonio, in the last heat of the same stake, and many thought that she thoroughly outworked him, though he obtained the decision. From Mr. Dexter's kennel appeared in

succession Tapster, Zig Zag, Selah, Delhi and Khartoum, along the same line of breeding.

Pearl's Dot, the unequalled mother of heroes, was by Trinket's Bang out of Pearlstone. After winning a Derby in Indiana, she was sent to the breeding ranks, and achieved so much that her name is likely to appear in almost as many pointer pedigrees as that of old Rhoebe among the setters. To King of Kent, she produced Strideaway; to Jingo, Young Jingo; to Rip Rap, the black-and-white Young Rip Rap, Ripstone, and Dot's Pearl; Pearl's Fan is a half-sister. Dot's Pearl, owned by Mr. Turner in Chicago, became the worthy successor of her mother. She was a large and handsome liver-and-white bitch. Bred to Jingo when very young, she produced in two litters, Lad of Jingo, Dot's Jingo, Drillmaster, Dot's Daisy, Two Spot, and Jingo's Pearl. These dogs were all winners and are rapidly becoming producers; the misfortune being that some of the best died early.

Jingo was by Mainspring out of Queen II. He was developed by Captain McMurdo, but did his later running in the hands of Mr. Nesbitt, still to-day a prominent handler. Nearly all pointer men and a great many setter owners claim that Jingo had bird sense to a degree beyond that displayed by any other field dog. He ran successfully in important trials in different parts of the country. He has produced an astonishing number of winners in the first and second generation, including Young Jingo from Pearl's Dot, the great orange-and-white dog King Cyrano, Gorham's Jing, Jingo's Light, and any number of others.

In connection with the light-weight dogs which modified the pointer, Duke of Hessen is of enough importance to be specially mentioned. He was a good-looking liver-and-white dog, well made except that he was much more leggy than the original conception of the bench

show judges approved. He was the fastest pointer of his time, but was not equal to either King of Kent or Mainspring in his ability on birds.

"That nation is happiest which has no history. Such is the good fortune of the pointer. While the annals of that breed in America are to the full as important as those of the setter, there are few tales of conflict. The pointer men have been at unity in essentials from the beginning. There have been no quarrels over standards for the bench and not many discussions except among partisans of individual dogs. The question of color has aroused no antagonism. There is no strife over blood lines and families, since all pointers of consequence descend practically from the same English sources and along the same channels." So writes Graham. He continues, that in 1870 the pointers, like the setters, consisted of what the writers choose to call "natives;" that is, dogs descended from irregular importations and different in every locality. There were many of the solid liver color, and occasionally a man took pride in a specimen of the double-nose or split-nose variety. This miscellaneous native stock quickly disappeared after the field trial pointers began to win a reputation. One variation was introduced and attracted some attention for a few years, but not much has been heard of it for some time. This variation consisted of the black Papes, imported from the kennel of Mr. Pape of Newcastle, England. They were handsome dogs and of considerable quality but for some reason did not appeal to American breeders. I can recall only one dog of that blood which competed successfully against the prevailing strains. That was Mr. Scudder's Rank. He was black and his dam was a Pape, but his sire was the well-known Croxteth pointer, Maximus, so that, after all, his moderate success in the field trials can be claimed as much for Croxteth as for the Papes.

Pointer history is marked by two epochs. The first was the importation of a series of large and handsome dogs by the groups around the Westminster Kennel Club of New York and the St. Louis

Kennel Club in the West, though Croxteth, the most serviceable, perhaps, of that lot of importations, did not belong to either of these groups. The second epoch began when Edward Dexter of Boston and Captain McMurdo, his adviser and handler, brought over and bred from Mainspring, King of Kent, and Mainspring's sister, Hops; dogs of handier size, more snappy on birds and of better sustained speed.

The dogs of both these epochs were of the same English field trial blood, the principal components of which were Whitehouse's celebrated lemon-and-white Hamlet, that dog's grandson, Price's Champion Bang, Sir Richard Garth's Drake, and Lord Sefton's Sam. Some antiquarians talk of the Edge blood and the Sefton-Edge combination, but that is mere pedantry and, while interesting, is of no material importance. Of considerably more significance is the Devonshire blood, through Dr. Salter's Romp, which entered into the breeding of Mainspring and Hops. From an article by Mr. H. S. Bevan, whose relatives were connected with the handling of Dr. Salter's dogs, Graham concludes that the black-and-white color, with irregular ticking, came into Mr. Dexter's kennel from Princess Kate, through this same Romp. Prior to the appearance here of Rip Rap, the black-and-white color, as once in England, had been unfashionable to such an extent that its appearance was hailed as evidence of impure blood, but Rip Rap's transcendent merit made the color actually fashionable, and so quickly that nobody had a chance to argue about it. From that time to this the black-and-white, lemon-and-white, and liver-and-white have been of equal dignity.

In 1879, the Rev. Mr. Macdona brought over his young dog, Croxteth, and sold him to Mr. Godeffroy, a very well known dog fancier, of New York. Croxteth was a large, long-bodied, liver-and-white dog of fast gait, but not what would be called handy in action. He had a peculiarly long and narrow head which was by the old-timers discussed considerably pro and con. Like the "Sefton head" it had both admirers and critics,

but the debate was mild and did not last long. As a progenitor Croxteth easily outclassed all of the early large dogs. His son, Trinket's Bang, is still held by some handlers to have been the best field pointer put down in American trials. Another son, Ossian, was a frequent winner. Robert le Diable, a third, was esteemed the handsomest pointer of his day and was a successful dog in the field. Trinket's Bang, in his turn, became a great sire, producing Spotted Boy and other brilliant winners, and Pearl's Dot, herself a Derby winner and the greatest pointer matron of all time.

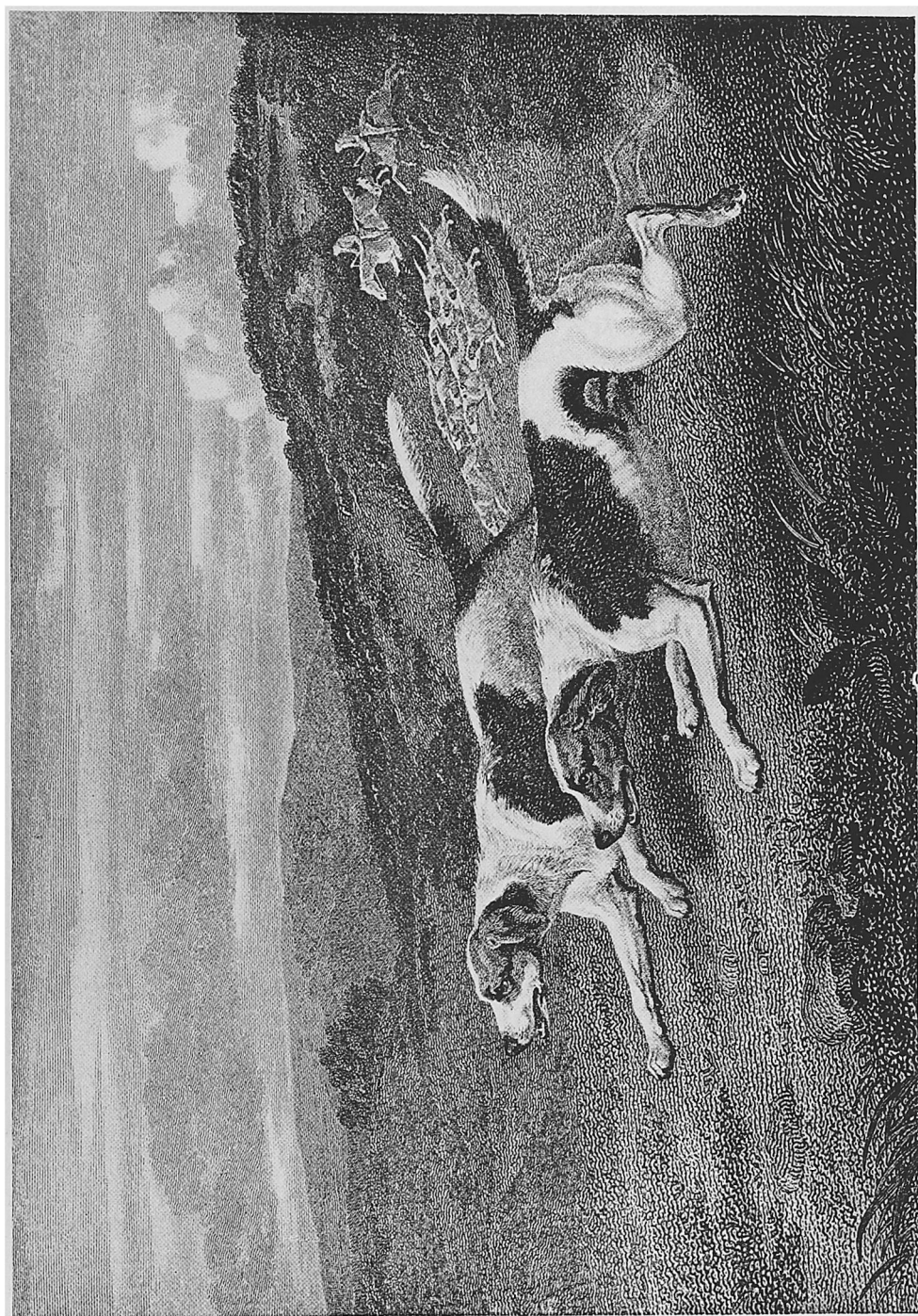
There had been much importation of pointers. But after the dazzling success of the Dexter dogs, there was not much effort in the way of importation. Home talent was good enough. Occasionally a winner out of old-fashioned lines, like Lad of Rush, would come out. He was a liver-and-white dog and a grandson of Lad of Bow. But the overwhelming majority of pointers in the hands of active sportsmen, as well as of field trial handlers, soon began to carry the blood of Mainspring and King of Kent, chiefly through Jingo and Rip Rap.

Among the variations from the usual course of things should be mentioned Champion Alberta Joe, a magnificent liver-and-white dog, bred and brought out by Mr. Thomas Johnson of Winnipeg, Manitoba. In 1898 he won the Northwestern Club's championship. Joe may be called an outer line, but, as a matter of fact, he is bred practically the same as the other prominent American pointers. His sire and dam were both brought by Mr. Johnson from Mr. Heywood Lonsdale's English kennel and trace back directly to Bang, Sam, and Drake like the rest.

"One of the standing discontents of a busy man," writes Graham, "is that he can not attend many field trials. These interesting rivalries bring together bird dogs of chosen powers, and, as no two of the trial grounds are just alike in to-

pography and cover, he who wishes to understand all the merits and defects of great dogs would like to see as often as possible the running of stake events." Among my regrets on this score is that I never saw Rip Rap in the field. On the bench he was a specimen to attract a sportsman rather than a fancier. He was of just the right size for our American shooting, not large enough to carry extra lumber and not too small for strength. Like many other dogs which are enthusiastic and courageous in the field, he was quiet and undemonstrative in the kennel and on the bench. His white, black, and ticked coat was a trifle rougher than that of the usual bench show pointer and lacked the satiny finish which the old pointer breeders regarded as essential. He looked all over a hard, strong, wise hunter. When I saw him, Robert le Diable, the greatest product of the St. Louis Kennel Club's breeding, was also on the benches. He was a much more showy animal than Rip Rap, liver-and-white, with thick ticking. Being in the challenge class, he did not come into competition with Rip Rap, but would have beaten him, I suppose, under any bench judge, if they had been of the same weight and in the same ring.

"Without attracting any great amount of attention or exciting any heated debate, the modern pointers, even on the bench, seem to have made a racial change and become shorthaired in comparison with the old-time champions. It is rare now to see a pointer as clean and long in the head as were most of the winners twenty years ago. Of course, at no time was a pointer expected to have the long, lean setter head though there was a day when the best specimens on the bench had cleaner and more shapely heads than are now usual. The change has probably come from the influence of the field trial winners: dogs which, from their compact shape, naturally have a tendency to thickness in the head."



Foxhounds
From an old English print

III

FOXHOUNDS

THAT the foxhound of to-day is a superior animal to that which "Nimrod" knew, is manifest. For as a sporting authority well insists, that would imply that all the years of scientific breeding since "Nimrod" died have been utterly wasted. There is a certain line of perfection, in what is deemed to be requisite, beyond which it is impossible to go: and the probability is that this line was reached years ago in such packs as the Belvoir and the Brocklesly. Having obtained absolute perfection of form, it is now the work of masters and huntsmen to breed for greater speed and greater scenting powers. At the present moment the cry is all for pace, which is reasonable enough; but the danger at certain kennels is that this quality may be cultivated only at the expense of nose.

"Nimrod" says that Hugo Meynell, the founder of the famous Quorn pack, displayed perfect judgment as a breeder of hounds. The first qualities he looked for were fine noses and stout lungs; a combination of strength with beauty, and steadiness with mettle. His ideal of perfection of shape was summed up in "short backs, open bosoms, straight legs, and compact feet." Surely no living M. F. H. would find that a bad model to follow.

It has been well said that the English writer on sport, who called himself the "Druid," was, in his way, a genius. His sympathy with everything in nature was so strong that a well known statesman of his day said of him, "he can even make you feel interested in pigs." In his writings he preserved that racy phraseology in which the huntsmen, of from 1830-1860, would describe the pack "screaming over the fallows;" how after "a blazing hour," they "blew him up in the open," or "raced into him and ate him" on the hills. He had a complete understanding of these men. They knew they could talk to him quite freely and never be misunderstood; and this gives a

vigour and picturesqueness to his work lacking in that of others. Take Jem Hills' unanswerable explanation of his capacities: "I had four brothers with hounds; we were by an earth-stopper from a huntsman's daughter, so we couldn't be better bred." An earth-stopper, it may be explained, is an English hunt-servant who goes over country at night and stops up the holes in which a fox might find refuge.

The "Druid's" description of the death of Tom Sebright is as touching a picture as can be found in all sporting literature. "Don't you see them?" he asked his daughter. "They're all round my bed. There's old Bluecap and Shiner, and Bonny Lass wagging her stern." "No, no, father," she replied, "you're mistaken." "Ah! they've gone now. Strange, isn't it, I should see them so plain?"

He never saw them again. For him, as for Will Goodall, they could only swell that strange, mournful requiem, which arose from the kennel, and fairly thrilled through the mourners as the hearse moved away.

What a touching tribute this to a huntsman love for his pack!

The kind of foxhounds old Tom Sebright loved probably were such as Benjamin Marshall painted about 1825. There was a famous match of foxhounds over the Beacon Course at Newmarket, between that father of the sport, the late Hugo Meynell and Mr. Barry, which together with that four mile trial of Colonel Thornton's foxhound bitch Merkin, have been repeated in almost every publication of this country; but they are in their nature so extraordinary, as bringing to the test of the time-piece the comparative speed of horses and dogs, and as many of our readers may still be unacquainted with the particulars, it might be deemed an improper omission, were they not to be found here.

Mr. Meynell matched two foxhounds,

Richmond and a bitch, against Mr. Barry's two hounds, Bluecap and Wanton, to run over the Beacon Course, at Newmarket for five hundred guineas. Mr. Barry's hounds were trained at Tiptree Heath, Essex, where annual races for small prizes have been held immemorably. The trainer was our old friend William Crane, long-famed in that quarter, as a huntsman, and who kept Rivinhall Inn. His method with the hounds was to run a fox-track of eight or ten miles, three times a week, upon the turf, during two months, feeding upon oatmeal and milk and sheep-trotters. We were informed by several sportsmen, who saw the dogs before starting, that they appeared in admirable condition. Mr. Meynell's hounds were fed whilst in training, entirely upon legs of mutton, and were also in high condition: odds 7 to 4 upon them at starting, chiefly from the proprietor's high sporting character. The match was run on the 30th of September, by laying the accustomed track from the Rubbing House at Newmarket Town end to the Rubbing House at the Starting Post of the Beacon Course, the four hounds being immediately laid on the scent. Mr. Barry's Bluecap came in first, and his Wanton, a very good second, the four miles being run by those hounds in a few seconds above eight minutes; much about the time, in which an ordinary country plate horse would run the same distance, carrying the weight of eight stone, or eight stone, seven pounds. Mr. Meynell's hound was beaten by about 120 yards, and the bitch was not in place, not running her course through. It is in some respects true that the knowing ones were taken in by this match; nevertheless, on the other hand, the great reputation of Will Crane as a sportsman had great weight. Three score horsemen started with the hounds, and Cooper, Mr. Barry's huntsman, was first at the Ending Post, having stupidly and barbarously ridden the mare which carried him, perhaps overweight or under-bred—quite blind: an act by way of sport to one animal, productive of misery and loss of light of the blessed sun, throughout life, to another,

which ought to damn the whole day's sport forever. Only twelve horses out of the sixty were able to run in with the hounds, Will Crane mounted upon the winner of a twelve stone of King's Plate called Rib, being the twelfth.

The performance of Merkin, which, by her portrait in Mr. Daniel's Rural Sports appeared to be highly graced with greyhound blood, if accurately stated, is greatly superior to the above, as she ran her four miles, in seven minutes and half a second, thereby eclipsing the speed of all other hounds. She was afterwards sold in 1795, for four hogshead of claret, the sealer being entitled to a couple of whelps she might breed.

Into the question of hounds and their breeding "Sentinel" enters very practically, if not exhaustively, in his book, "Hounds: their Breed and Kennel Management." In his opinion the foxhound of the present day has very nearly, but not quite, attained perfection. He points out that there is a far larger proportion of well-bred hounds in most kennels than formerly; but, of course, no critic, no matter what fancies or prejudices he cherished, could escape the overwhelming supremacy of Belvoir among modern kennels. Five direct generations of the Belvoir hounds, namely Gambler 1884, Nominal 1888, Watchman 1892, Dexter 1895, and Daystar 1903, can be taken as the strongest line of foxhound blood in the world. "Sentinel" considers that to have seen Belvoir Gambler, alone was a study in hound breeding. Besides being the most perfect type of a foxhound, on beautiful lines and with remarkable bone, he was an exceptionally good hound in his work, with a fine voice and was never known to tire.

Graham, in his chapter on foxhounds (in *The Sporting Dog*), says that radically the difference between American and British hunting is that the first is a matter of hounds and the other a question of horses and horsemanship. Glorious sport as a riding party across country furnishes, the American style is more to the purpose when we are on the subject of hounds.

The owner of a Western pack, which

has been bred consecutively for over fifty years, said to Graham: "You see that big hound? On looks, he is the best hound in the pack, but it will take another cross to bring his blood up to the standard. I like this English blood to give color and style, but the original importation and the first cross are not tough enough for our work. The sire of this dog is an English stud dog which a friend brought over for me to use as a cross. His feet are what we call soft. They may have been good enough for the well-kept country on the other side but, especially with the unnecessary weight and bone he carries, a run of half an hour with my pack makes his feet so sore that he cannot be taken out for a week after."

When descanting on hounds, an American nearly always talks this way: "No hound ever made that red-and-white quit. She may look a little lathy, but when they start, she's around, and when they finish, she's in front."

The hound which strikes, holds, and stays in front is always the American foxhound man's admiration. The bone, the color, the symmetry,—these are all incidents. It does not disturb him to have what a Pharisee would call a scratch pack.

An Eastern M. F. H. who had hunted in England, in our Atlantic States, and in the South, lets Graham quote him to this effect:—

"The English hound is taught to run as a pack, not to do individual work. The pack is taken to a cover in which a

fox is marked, so to speak, where the earth has been stopped up the night before so that he lies above ground. There is generally no fox-trail scent left, and the hound only gets the scent when the fox is started from his resting place. This scent is, of course, the hot scent of the started fox. He then breaks cover, and they pursue him with that best scent of all in their noses.

"The Englishman seems to work on the idea that a hound has to be up to carrying so much weight across country; but the American hound is only required to have so much speed, endurance, nose, ears, eyes, and voice.

"In America there are no covers kept as there are in England. There is no earth stopper except at Montreal. Consequently the American hound has got to work as an individual. Our woodlands are larger and rougher than in England. It is almost impossible to be always with the hounds in their work, on account of the swamps, cliffs, and other natural obstacles.

"The American hound's nose is keener, and you can easily see that it has got to be, as he is obliged to follow a trail which is several hours old. When he finally gives tongue on his trail, the other hounds honor his voice and gradually the whole pack gets on the trail and works it up. This by many is considered the best sort of hound work, as it not only instructs one as to what the hound may do, but also as to the habits and manners of the fox."



Greyhounds
From an old English print

IV VARIOUS SPORTING DOGS

FIELD trial work is mostly handling. The handler endeavors to reach just the difficult line where a dog can be directed on a course, and still be independent in ranging, and absorbed in his search. Natural qualities and not forced habits are the standards. All that matter does not concern the shooting amateur.

Fox-hounds and beagles are not trained. They are "entered," or practised, when young, by having short runs with the old hounds. The only real training is to require the hound to honor the horn, and to refrain from riot on the road.

Greyhound training is a fine art of itself, but rather resembles the management of a race-horse. The object is not to discipline, but to put in the highest possible physical condition. The only teaching consists in slipping a few times on hares to inculcate readiness in leaving slips and in scoring. The trainer avoids unnecessary work on hares, as the greyhound is likely to learn too much and become "cunning."

Staghounds we are practically without in this country. An Englishman describes this dog as follows:—

"His glossy skin, o' yellow pied or blue,
In lights or shades by nature's pencil drawn,
Reflects the various tints; his ears and legs,
Fleck'd here and there, in gay enamel'd pride,
Rival the speckled pard; his rush-grown tail,
O'er his broad back bends in an ample arch;
On shoulders clean upright and firm he stands;
His round cat foot, straight hams and wide spread
thighs,
And his low-dropping chest, confess his speed,
His strength, his wind, or on the steepy hill,
Or far extended plain; in every part
So well proportion'd, that the skill
Of Phidias himself can't blame thy choice.
Of such compose thy pack."

An old English writer on the dog states that the greyhound is known by his pointed nose, the acute angles of his head, the light, and slightly pendulous ear, considerable height, length of neck, and of general form, comparative slimness, deep breast, light belly, round muscular buttocks, and long sinewy fore arms and gaskins. His fore legs, that is to say, the

space between the knee and foot, are longer than his hinder, or space between the hock and foot; all of which seems as applicable now as then. The writer adds wittily that "his color, whether black, white or brindle, whether whole or variegated, is not otherwise of consequence, than as fashion dictates; and if the never-ceasing game of chance should produce a blue gray dog, blue would immediately become the best color, and so remain until a new crack should start up a different hue, when blue would instantly retire into the ranks, and those of the last shade undoubtedly advance, and become the best greyhound on the face of the earth, and produce more money at Tattersall's."

The Italian greyhound was probably first brought over to England in the reign of Charles I, whose attachment to this species of the dog is well known. These dogs were considered worth their weight in gold, as is attested by the familiar story which follows:

The Duchess of Portsmouth, one of the mistresses of Charles II., driving one evening unattended, to a residence which she possessed at a small distance from London, was stopped by Duval, the highwayman, who demanded her money. Her grace affected great state, and talked highly, as she before had done on a similar occasion, when she was robbed and treated with great insolence by Jacob Halsey, perhaps the only Quaker who ever took to the road. To Duval, she insisted she had no money whatever, nor any valuables about her, in which she might not improbably be correct, Charles' mistresses often partaking of his poverty, as well as of his occasional wealth.

"A merry monarch, scandalous and poor."

The highwayman, perhaps judging further parley dangerous or futile, was turning to decamp, when he espied a beautiful and most delicate Italian greyhound bitch, sitting upon the box with the coachman. This he demanded as his prize, presenting his pistol to the coach-

man, who declared he should lose his place and be ruined if he parted with it, being the favourite not only of his mistress but of the king. Duval, however, took the bitch under his arm and rode off at full speed. The day following, notice was sent to the Duchess, that for one hundred pieces, and under certain conditions, which had regard to the safety of the person concerned, the greyhound should be restored; which treaty was faithfully executed on both sides, to the infinite joy of the lady and her royal paramour.

Coursing is an ancient sport. Arrian, as far back as the year 150 of the Christian era wrote a treatise on it, from which the curious may learn that it was followed much in the same way then, as now. Arrian was fair to the hare, insisting that she have her start and be given time to recover her presence of mind after creeping from her form. He adds, with zest, that "if she be a racer, she will prick her ears and bound away from her seat with long strides;" and he describes with enthusiasm the excitement when the greyhounds stretch out at full speed after her. This ancient Greek asserts that true sportsmen "do not take their dogs out for the sake of catching a hare, but for the contest or sport of coursing, and they are glad if the hare escapes. If she fly to any thin brake for concealment, where they see her trembling and in the utmost distress, they will call off their dogs. Often, indeed, when following a course on horseback, have I come up to the hare as soon as caught, and have myself saved her alive, and then have taken away my dog, fastened him up, and allowed her to escape. And if I have arrived too late to save her, I have struck my head with sorrow that the dog had killed so good an antagonist." All, save the remorse, might have been written yesterday.

Coursing is still practised in this country. Graham includes the greyhound in "The Sporting Dog." Coursing, he says, has its infinite variety of technical learning, the outgrowth of the intense British interest and many years of experience, but its general rules are simple. Two dogs are put into slips, and as soon as the hare is sighted are allowed to run,

tugging in the slips until the hare has had sufficient "law" and the slipper is certain that he can throw them off on equal terms. Off they dash. The dog first reaching the hare gets credit for speed according to the distance by which he beats his competitor—one, two or three points. Then the scoring begins on the "turns" and "wrenches" and the "kill." The turn is when the hare is forced around at more than a right angle; the wrench is where it swerves at a less angle from its course on account of being pressed by the dog. Ability to closely work the hare is, therefore, as important as speed. A dog is "cunning" or "wise" when he learns to cut corners and head off the prey. Any considerable amount of this over-education disqualifies the dog. An honest dog is one which runs true to the hare. In a stake, the dogs which win in the first series are run in braces the second round, and so on until the winner comes out in the final.

On the plains most of the private coursing is with a few dogs, and the rules are not closely observed. When a regular public event, either on the plains or in a park, the affair is managed with great strictness. The judge must almost necessarily be mounted in order to follow the work with accuracy. The slipper must understand his business and have his slips in good condition, so that when he pulls the cord they fly off evenly.

In accordance with the English tradition, coursing in the open is regarded as the only legitimate form of the sport. The old American coursers who had a pride in their fancy attempted to preserve the tradition. The circumstances were against them. All the important events for years were determined on the plains, but it was found that the expense of going from place to place and the extreme uncertainty of conditions were difficulties more severe than most men cared to encounter, after they had tried it for a year or two. In 1897 the American Waterloo Cup, the most important event, was taken to an enclosed park at Davenport, Iowa. Since then, it has regularly been held in enclosures.